

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

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WEEKLY; ONE PENNY.

NOTES ON NEWS.

REALLY the gush of some people over some other people is too sickening. The latest sample of toadyism was the motion by Mr. Fleming Williams at the last meeting of the London County Council, "That this Council hereby resolves to give, in the name of the people of London, a welcome to Mr. H. M. Stanley on his return from Africa . . . that the committee be instructed to treat the question as one of urgency."

It was quite in the proper order of things that the proposed laudation of the filibuster should be proposed by Fleming Williams, "in the name of the people of London;" for it must be borne in mind that Williams is not an elected representative, but only one of the "aldermen," and the lowest on the list too, being made an alderman by the magnificent number of 55 votes.

It was quite in the proper order of things, too, that the proposal to beslaver this canting hunter for new markets should come from a clergyman. Christian clergymen and Christian missionaries, spurred on by Christian merchants, have for generations, centuries, made Africa a hunting-ground, where rivers of blood have been shed that a rich man now and again might build a church.

It was quite in the proper order of things, also, that this Christian clergyman should be one of those aldermen made by a Tory trick, who claims to be a "Progressive." If we are to judge by the exhibitions which some of the London County Council "Progressives" have made of themselves, there is need for a new dictionary to tell us what "progress" really means. In the eyes of all who worship Stanleyism it means, of course, the greatest possible sale in Central Africa of our manufactures, including bibles and religions, which will account for Fleming Williams's sympathy "in the name of the people of London."

It was interesting to watch the way in which the proposal was dealt with in the debate, to note the different way the matter was treated by a real representative, who knows by personal experience something of Africa and its people, and who is above all a Socialist. It was without doubt a severe shock to the Jingoism in the Council, Progressives and otherwise, to hear Burns call their temporary god the "buccaneer of the Congo," "whose sole business in life is seeking fresh markets for a shoddy commercialism and fresh opportunities to exploit the natives." That this sort of talk was exceedingly painful to the feelings of some of the Council was proved by the repeated interruptions to which Burns was subjected while speaking.

The droll point in the whole business is that Jingoism or Stanleyism had to suffer a severe pummelling, and the motion in his praise was not even reached, the whole of the discussion turning on whether a standing order should be suspended to allow the motion to be discussed!

In moving the suspension of the order the chairman allowed Williams considerable latitude, which he utilised by using up some of his gush on Stanley which should have been reserved for the motion proper—a line much resented by the whole of the Council.

In consequence of this allowance to Williams, he felt bound to allow the same to Burns, and so each of the five members who interrupted Burns on the point of order, "that the main question was being discussed," had to ignominiously subside and allow Burns to go on with what, later on, Mr. Harry Lawson called a "virulent speech which he thought quite disgraceful."

This gentleman, probably with lively feelings of gratitude to Stanley on account of what he did for the *Daily Telegraph* some years ago, was prevented by his bubbling indignation "even discussing Mr. Stanley

with Mr. Burns." He even began a sentence which suggested a vote of censure, but a warning note from the whole chamber pulled him up in time to stay him making a further exhibition of himself.

The wind-up of the discussion was quite in keeping with the whole subject, for Mr. Boulnois suggested that it would be very unwise for the London County Council to compete with the City Corporation in the noble (?) work of acknowledging such labours as Stanley's. This seemed to strike them as being about right, and Fleming Williams withdrew his motion.

T. S.

In his political notes in the *Commonweal*, William Morris has frequently predicted a combination of Liberals and Tories to resist the advanced party now in the course of development. His view is confirmed by the Liberty and Property Defence League's last report, which, but for the too-evident dulness of the dry-brain that begot it, might pass for a satire on representative government, instead of the stirring appeal to patriotism that it tried to be and couldn't.

For instance: "Under the euphemism of 'social reform,' . . . Tories and Radicals are busy out-bidding one another for the democratic vote." Their differences "are in the natural course a vanishing quantity. When they have finally disappeared, the political issues that remain will have to be fought out between this new party and an opposing party to which the course of events will inevitably give rise. In the meantime great harm is being wrought to the national interests by the competition of both the existing parties in their reckless race to the common goal of misnamed domestic reform."

Evidently the League looks upon government as a decidedly shabby business—a hunting-ground for men on the make; and we, who willingly assent, would suggest that 'twere advisable therefore to have nought to do with it. Not so the noble lords and gentlemen of the L. P. D. L. With an itch to have their finger in the great dirt-pie, though with their lips disclaiming a desire to interfere, they refer to the dock strike, and covertly call upon Government to prevent intimidation and picketing, directed against men "willing to sell their labour in the open market at the market price."

Now, if they protested as strongly against the misdeeds of "trusts" and other combinations of capital as they do against the misdeeds of trades-unions, we could believe that their thick-headedness was tempered with honesty of intention. But their silence on the former matter gives a sinister meaning to their words, when they ask for money from those "with any property and liberty to lose," and allows the suspicion that they only object to legislation intended to help those who have neither. In fact, they seem to want the dirt-pie of government all to themselves.

Dirty as it is, they think it better than none. "In the choice of the lesser evil," says the report, "consists the art of politics." What a satire on that "art" to think that whatever you have to do with it must be evil, more or less! I congratulate the S. D. F. on being out of the running for that foul prize. "The influence of the Social Democratic Federation . . . has given way to that of the National Labour Electoral Association, established for attaining similar ends, but on constitutional and parliamentary lines. . . . To this latter body the more practical members of the Federation have attached themselves."

I wonder how those "more practical members" will relish sharing their prize pie with Sir William Harcourt and Lord Randolph Churchill. Perhaps we and the S. D. F. may have the best of the fun as lookers-on at the race. Probably the "All-Socialist" party will win the prize—if it doesn't first crumble to dust and get blown away; but while the sport is proceeding we can be sowing our seed for a harvest of Socialism that will satisfy the wants of man, as no Government Pie, even the least unwholesome, ever can.

G. S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE:

OR,

AN EPOCH OF REST.

BEING SOME CHAPTERS FROM A UTOPIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. II. (continued).—A MORNING BATH.

I FELT that I must make some conversation; so I pointed to the Surrey bank, where I noticed some light plank stages running down the foreshore, with windlasses at the landward end of them, and said, "What are they doing with those things here? If we were on the Tay, I should have said that they were for drawing the salmon-nets; but here——"

"Well," said he, smiling, "of course that is what they *are* for. Where there are salmon, there are likely to be salmon-nets, Tay or Thames; but of course they are not always in use; we don't want salmon *every* day of the season."

I was going to say, "But is this the Thames?" but held my peace in my wonder, and turned my bewildered eyes eastward to look at the bridge again, and thence to the shores of the London river; and surely there was enough to astonish me. For though there was a bridge across the stream and houses on its banks, how all was changed from last night! The soap-works with their smoke-vomiting chimneys were gone; the engineer's works gone; the lead-works gone; and no sound of riveting and hammering came down the west wind from Thorney-croft's. Then the bridge! I had perhaps dreamed of such a bridge, but never seen such an one out of an illuminated manuscript; for not even the Ponte Vecchio at Florence came anywhere near it. It was of stone arches, splendidly solid, and as graceful as they were strong; high enough also to let ordinary river traffic through easily. Over the parapet showed quaint and fanciful little buildings, which I supposed to be booths or shops, beset with painted and gilded vanes and spirelets. The stone was a little weathered, but showed no marks of the grimy sootiness which I was used to on every London building more than a year old. In short, to me a wonder of a bridge.

The sculler noted my eager astonished look, and said, as if in answer to my thoughts—

"Yes, it *is* a pretty bridge, isn't it? Even the up-stream bridges, which are so much smaller, are scarcely daintier, and the down-stream ones are scarcely more dignified and stately."

I found myself saying, almost against my will, "How old is it?"

"Oh, not very old," he said; "it was built, or at least opened, in 1971."

The date shut my mouth as if a key had been turned in a padlock fixed to my lips; for I saw that something inexplicable had happened, and that if I said much I should be mixed up in a game of cross questions and crooked answers. So I tried to look unconcerned, and to glance in a matter-of-course way at the banks of the river, though this is what I saw up to the bridge and a little beyond, say as far as the site of the soap-works. Both shores had a line of very pretty houses, low and not large, standing back a little way from the river; they were mostly built of red brick and roofed with tiles, and looked, above all, comfortable and as if they were, so to say, alive, and sympathetic with the life of the dwellers in them. There was a continuous garden in front of them, going down to the water's edge, in which the flowers were now blooming luxuriantly, and sending delicious waves of summer scent over the eddying stream. Behind the houses, I could see great trees rising, mostly planes, and looking down the water there were the reaches towards Putney almost as if they were a lake with a forest shore, so thick were the big trees; and I said aloud, but as if to myself—

"Well, I'm glad that they have not built over Barn Elms."

I blushed for my fatuity as the words slipped out of my mouth, and my companion looked at me with a half smile which I thought I understood; so to hide my confusion I said, "Please take me ashore now: I want to get my breakfast."

He nodded, and brought her head round with a sharp stroke, and in a trice we were at the landing-stage again. He jumped out and I followed him; and of course I was not surprised to see him wait, as if for the inevitable after-piece that follows the doing of a service to a fellow-citizen. So I put my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, and said, "How much?" though still with the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps I was offering money to a gentleman.

He looked puzzled, and said, "How much? I don't quite understand what you are asking about. Do you mean the tide? If so, it is close on the turn now."

I blushed, and said, stammering, "Please don't take it amiss if I ask you; I mean no offence: but what ought I to pay you? You see I am a stranger, and don't know your customs—or your coins?"

And therewith I took a handful of money out of my pocket, as one does in a foreign country. And by the way, I saw that the silver had oxydised, was like a blackleaded stove in colour.

He still seemed puzzled, but not at all offended; and he looked at the coins with some curiosity. I thought, Well after all, he *is* a waterman, and is considering what he may venture to take. He seems such a nice fellow that I'm sure I don't grudge him a little over-payment. I wonder, by the way, whether I couldn't hire him as a guide for a day or two, since he is so intelligent.

Therewith my new friend said thoughtfully:

"I think I know what you mean. You think that I have done you a service; so you feel yourself bound to give me something which I

am not to give to a neighbour, unless he has done something special for me. I have heard of this kind of thing; but pardon me for saying that it seems to us a troublesome and roundabout custom; and we don't know how to manage it. And you see this ferrying and giving people casts about the water is my *business*, which I would do for anybody, so to take gifts in connection with it would look very queer. Besides, if one person gave me something, then another might, and another, and so on; and I hope you won't think me rude if I say that I shouldn't know where to stow away so many mementos of friendship."

And he laughed loud and merrily, as if the idea of being paid for his work was a very funny joke. I confess I began to be afraid that the man was mad, though he looked sane enough; and I was rather glad to think that I was a good swimmer, since we were so close to a deep swift stream. However, he went on by no means like a madman:

"As to your coins, they are curious, but not very old; they seem to be all of the reign of Victoria; you might give them to some scantily-furnished museum. Ours has enough of such coins, besides a fair number of earlier ones, many of which are beautiful, whereas these nineteenth century ones are so beastly ugly, ain't they? We have a piece of Edward III., with the king in a ship, and little leopards and fleurs-de-lys all along the gunwale, so delicately worked. You see," he said, with somewhat of a smirk, "I am fond of working in gold and fine metals; this buckle here is an early piece of mine."

No doubt I looked a little shy of him under the influence of that doubt as to his sanity. So he broke off short, and said in a kind voice:

"But I see that I am boring you, and I ask your pardon. For, not to mince matters, I can tell that you *are* a stranger, and must come from a place very unlike England. But also it is clear that it won't do to overdose you with information about this place, and that you had best suck it in little by little. Further, I should take it as very kind in you if you would allow me to be the showman of our new world to you, since you have stumbled on me first. Though indeed it will be a mere kindness on your part, for almost anybody would make as good a guide, and many much better."

There certainly seemed no flavour in him of Colney Hatch; and besides I thought I could easily shake him off if it turned out that he really was mad; so I said:

"It is a very kind offer, but it is difficult for me to accept it, unless——" I was going to say, Unless you will let me pay you properly; but fearing to stir up Colney Hatch again, I changed the sentence into, "I fear I shall be taking you away from your work—or your amusement."

"O," he said, "don't trouble about that, because it will give me an opportunity of doing a good turn to a friend of mine, who wants to take my work here. He is a weaver from Yorkshire, who has rather overdone himself between his weaving and his mathematics, both indoor work, you see; and being a great friend of mine, he naturally came to me to get him some outdoor work. If you think you can put up with me, pray take me as your guide."

He added presently: "It is true that I have promised to go up-stream for the hay-harvest; but they won't be ready for us for more than a week: and besides, you might go with me, you know, and see some very nice people, besides making notes of our ways in Oxfordshire. You could hardly do better if you want to see the country."

I felt myself obliged to thank him, whatever might come of it; and he added eagerly—

"Well, then, that's settled. I will give my friend a call; he is living in the Guest House like you, and if he isn't up yet, he ought to be this fine summer morning."

Therewith he took a little silver bugle-horn from his girdle and blew two or three sharp but agreeable notes on it; and presently from the house which stood on the site of my old dwelling (of which more hereafter) another young man came sauntering towards us. He was not so well-looking or so strong-built as my sculler friend, being sandy-haired, rather pale, and not stout-built; but his face was not wanting in that happy and friendly expression which I had noticed in his friend. As he came up smiling towards us, I saw with pleasure that I must give up the Colney Hatch theory as to the waterman, for no two madmen ever behaved as they did before a sane man. His dress also was of the same cut as the first man's, though somewhat gayer, the surcoat being light green with a golden spray embroidered on the breast, and his belt being of filagree silver-work.

He gave me good-day very civilly, and greeting his friend joyously, said—

"Well, Dick, what is it this morning? Am I to have my work, or rather your work? I dreamed last night that we were off up the river fishing."

"All right, Bob," said my sculler; "you will drop into my place, and if you find it too much, there is George Brightling on the look out for a stroke of work, and he lives close handy to you. But see, here is a stranger who is willing to amuse me to-day by taking me as his guide about our country, and you may imagine I don't want to lose the opportunity; so you had better take to the boat at once. But in any case I shouldn't have kept you out of it for long, since I am due in the hayfields in a few days."

The newcomer rubbed his hands with glee, but turning to me, said in a friendly voice:

"Neighbour, both you and friend Dick are lucky, and will have a good time to-day, as indeed I shall too. But you had better both come in with me at once and get something to eat, lest you should forget your dinner in your amusement. I suppose you came into the Guest House after I had gone to bed last night?"

I nodded, not caring to enter into a long explanation which would have led to nothing, and which in truth by this time I should have begun to doubt myself. And we all three turned toward the door of the Guest House.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRIVE THE RICH ROBBERS AWAY.

Tune—"Drive the cold Winter away."

WHOE'er has a mind to freedom inclined,
A soul above life in a ditch,
No longer he'll bow, but come with us now
To break down the power of the rich.
You know very well, the poor live in hell,
Where manhood and honour decay;
So join in our band, with heart and with hand,
To drive the rich robbers away.

The man who controls the bodies and souls
Of his fellows, because they are poor;
Who sweats all his wealth from woe and ill-health,
And steals all their pitiful store;
A wolf with man's face, he's a foe to his race,
The helpless and weak are his prey,
He never will mend until we make an end,
And drive the rich robbers away.

Not much do we get, however we sweat,
Our masters their profit must make;
And then for the rent, we must be content
The landlord shall some of it take.
The kids and the wife must scramble through life,
Be thankful to eat when they may,
Be often half-fed and go hungry to bed,
Till we drive the rich robbers away.

And don't be afraid of injuring trade,
To us it is always the same;
For bad trade or good, it is well understood
The worker must lose at the game.
The game is so played, and the rules of it made,
That the workers have always to pay;
And well do we know, it must ever be so
Till we drive the rich robbers away.

Though they can with pride in carriages ride,
While we go on foot in the mud,
It is we who provide; while, whatever betide,
We ne'er get enough of good food.
Indeed we deserve to suffer and starve
Until we no longer obey;—
Then rise like a man, and do all that you can,
To drive the rich robbers away.

AN GEALBHAN.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

GERMANY.

At Offenbourg, a new Socialist paper is about to be published under the title of *Frankfurter Volksstimme* (The People's Voice of Frankfurt). At Munich, the *Münchener Post* (Dispatch of Munich) is to appear as a daily organ, under the editorship of Vollmar and Birk, two candidates to the Reichstag. At Dresden, the *Sächsische Arbeiterzeitung* (Saxon Worker's paper) appears now three times a week. At Erfurt the *Thüringer Tribune* is about to appear in a larger size, and at Magdeburg a new trades' paper, *Wanderburschen* (The Wandering Toiler), will shortly come into existence. As it seems, Bismark has not got it all his own way.

Two Anarchist pamphlets, entitled 'Arbeitslos' (Out of Work) and 'The 11th of November' (Chicago Commemoration), have been prohibited by the Berlin authorities.

Our comrade Bruno Reinsdorf, the brother of August Reinsdorf, who was beheaded four years ago for taking the principal part in the Niederwald attempt, has been arrested at Pegau, a small village of Saxony, on his return from New York, where he was working in the *Freiheit's* printing department. The reason given for his arrest is such a stupidly false one that we expect him to be set free almost immediately.

A most strange event has recently occurred at Carlsruhe. M. Guttenstein, royal attorney at the supreme tribunal of the great duchy of Bade, has made a formal adhesion to the social democratic party! If it is true, methinks that this clever attorney shall not much longer sit on the bench.

BELGIUM.

One of the oldest forerunners of the social revolutionary movement in Belgium has just died at an hospital of Brussels: not an unusual reward for many who have given all their life and all their energies to the cause of the proletariat. Nicolas Coulon was born at Liège, in the year 1816. A tailor by profession, he was at the same time an exceedingly clever popular writer. It was Coulon who published the first paper in Belgium which was exclusively edited by working-men. He acted in the revolution of 1830 in Brussels, and in that of 1848 at Paris. In the last years of his life he became blind, and of course he died very poor. Coulon has taken a most prominent part in the various democratic and revolutionary movements of his own country and of France. He has always been, it can be truly asserted, the right man in the right place; and the Belgian Socialists will undoubtedly ever remember most kindly their old "père Coulon."

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Austrian Socialist press makes good headway, and this is all the more remarkable when we think that the political conditions under which our Austrian comrades have to live are far from being favourable to the development of Socialist journalism. There are no less than eight papers,

which all are, we are glad to say, very well supported by the Austrian proletarians. They are: *Sozialdemokratische Monatschrift* (Socialdemocratic Monthly Review); *Arbeiterzeitung* (Worker's Gazette); *Volkspresse* (People's Press); *Fachblatt für Drechsler* (Turner's Trade Paper); *Glühlichter* (Glimmerings); *Freigeist* (Freethinker); *Heslo*, and *Cerwanky*.

Again we ask the readers and sympathisers of the *Weal* to do all they can towards supporting their own paper. Surely English Socialists, if worth anything at all, can manage as well as their much more unfortunate brethren of Austria! Why, then, don't they do it?

SWITZERLAND.

Our comrades Nicolet, Darbellay, and Hänzi, who last summer placarded in various towns of Switzerland an Anarchist manifesto, have now been tried at the Court of Assize at Neuchatel and acquitted. Comrade Nicolet, for his defence, read out a piece of poetry directed against kings and potentates, and of a very much more revolutionary character than the manifesto complained of, and then declared to the astounded tribunal and members of the jury, that that piece of incendiary poetry had been written some time previous to his own leaflet by the very same attorney-general who now prosecuted himself and his friends. Hence a prompt and general acquittal!

RUSSIA.

A telegram from Moscow, *via* Vienna, says that Captain Tolotouchine, chief of the secret police, while making a descent upon a Nihilist club, was shot dead by a young woman named Olga Gontscharenko, who afterwards blew her own brains out rather than be arrested. Whilst we deeply deplore the death of the young combatant in the cause of liberty and justice, we cannot help sympathising with her in the prompt punishment of the police-hound's intrusion.

VICTOR DAVE.

IN AUSTRALIA.

MR. W. GRAHAME, member for Newcastle (N.S.W.), has lately gone insolvent, and had therefore to contest his seat over again. Mr. James Curley, the miners' general secretary, opposed him as a "labour candidate," and won after a "tough fight." Mr. Grahame is a believer in the restrictive policy; whilst Curley goes for free trade. This district is red-hot protectionist, and would have been all for boodler Grahame, had not the majority of the miners among the electors been in favour of their secretary. So far as can be seen, Curley has proved true and honest to the miners, both during strikes and in times of smoothness; rather too straight, in fact, for some of the big mine-owners over here. Many a time, no doubt, have they wished him out of office, and perhaps have done a great deal to prejudice many of the miners against him. This feeling has grown up in two or three districts since the last strike, in 1888, until at last, it almost seems, the feeling becoming more bitter, it has made him run for a chance at the legislative game; and the result is, that he has the honour (?) of taking a hand in the country's affairs. Whether he will act fair and square is a question as yet; he has to sit alongside some of the biggest rogues and scoundrels the earth has produced among the law-makers; and if they have not the magic power, while filling their own pockets with boodle without doing the least amount of work for it, to turn his assistance away from the workers and destroy those many true sentiments of his, it will be one of the greatest wonders of the age.

One large mine-owner was heard to say, when he heard that Curley had won the seat, "It's a good job; it's a good job," and stamped his foot on the ground with delight. This goes to show that one coal-monopolist at least was happy at partly getting one of their enemies into their clutches. It seems to prophesy that the miners can say "good-bye" to their man, who has worked earnestly for them for a period of nine years, and that now he is entering upon a road which leads to more slavery and monopoly.

The Victorian authorities have taken steps to close the wharf at Melbourne, so as to keep away the speakers who have been addressing the people there on Sundays. This goes hard against the Anarchists and Socialists, as it is their chief place of resort for propaganda work. To show that they mean business and keep up a pretence of impartiality, the authorities have come down upon a teetotal orator who made his stand upon the wharf, and fined him £5 or seven days in the "House of Correction." Upon this a meeting was held, and a very large crowd, numbering 2,000, gathered together to discuss the action taken by the Government. The meeting "firmly maintained" their right of meeting on the wharf, and have resolved to try and get public support in carrying on meetings there.

After finishing the business of the wharf affair, the opening of the public library and other institutions on Sundays was then discussed. The 2,000 strong then paraded the streets in the vicinity of the library, and before the gates of the latter institution they strongly asserted that such a place should be opened on Sundays.

The bill brought forward in the Victorian Legislative Assembly for the suppression of Sunday newspaper selling, has passed its second reading. The tyrannical law-makers of Victoria are gradually developing, and making stronger the restrictive laws of that so-called "protective" colony. We have not come to that exactly in New South Wales yet, but, who knows?

A strike recently occurred at Broken Hill, N.S.W., where about 2,500 miners refused to work with non-unionists. The strike only lasted about a week, when the miners (unionists) partly gave way and resumed work again.

The men that work on the top of Greta Pit (N.S.W.) have come out on strike, the cause being that they wish only to work eight hours per day, as the men do below the surface. Different unions are preparing to give help to the strikers, who fear a long struggle.

The unemployed army is rather large up in Brisbane, and deputations are seeking the presence of the "law-makers" often, to see what can be done towards keeping the people from dying of starvation.

The latest news interesting to Socialists comes from Melbourne, and excerpted from the *Evening News* (Sydney), Nov. 21, 1889:—

"An organised demonstration of Socialists paraded up Bourke Street last evening, with the intention of invading Parliament House to see Dr. Maloney, the member for West Melbourne, whose sympathies are known to be with them on the point that the public libraries should be open on Sundays. There were some hundreds of them. The police got wind of the project, and a posse of constables were summoned from Russell Street barracks and pursued the crowd up the street. Seeing that they were pursued the Socialists ran to gain the entrance to Parliament House first, but half-a-dozen constables reached the steps first, and forming themselves in a line blocked the crowd, some of whom were very excited. There was some wrangling but no violence, and several names were taken."

Hamilton, N.S.W., Nov. 21, 1889.

ROBERT STUART.



OFFICES: 24 GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!

THE COMMONWEAL is the official organ of the Socialist League; but, unless definitely so announced by the Editors, no article is to be taken as expressing in more than a general way the views of the League as a body. In accordance with the Manifesto and Statement of Principles of the League, the COMMONWEAL is an exponent of International Revolutionary Socialism. On minor differences of opinion the widest freedom of discussion is maintained. As all articles are signed, no special significance attaches to their position in the paper.

Articles and letters dealing with any phase of the social problem are invited and will meet with earnest consideration. They must be written on one side of the paper only, and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope accompanies them.

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Remittances from abroad must be made by International Money Order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VORWARTS (Buenos Ayres).—We are very sorry for the blunder, which shall be guarded against in future.

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Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday January 15.

ENGLAND	MILWAUKEE—National Reformer	ITALY
Brotherhood	N. J. Freie Presse	Bologna—L'Italia dei Giovani
Freedom	Philadelphia—United Labour	Rome—L'Emancipazione
London—Freie Presse	Princeton (Mass.)—Word	SPAIN
Norwich—Daylight	S. F.—Coast Seamen's Journal	Madrid—El Socialista
Rochdale Observer	St Louis—Anarchist	PORTUGAL
Seafaring	FRANCE	Lisbon—O Protesto Operario
INDIA	Paris—Bourse du Travail	Porto—A Revolucao Social
Bankipore—Behar Herald	Le Proletariat	GERMANY
UNITED STATES	Le Reveil Social	Berlin—Volks Tribune
New York—Freiheit	Paris—La Revolte	AUSTRIA
Der Sozialist	Lille—Le Cri du Travailleur	Wien—Arbeiter-Zeitung
Truthseeker	Rouen—Le Salarial	Brunn—Arbeiterstimme
Twentieth Century	Charleville—L'Emancipation	Brunn—Volksfreund
United Irishman	HOLLAND	HUNGARY
Volkszeitung	Hague—Recht voor Allen	Arbeiter-Wochen-Chronik
Workmen's Advocate	Middelburg—Licht en Waarheid	DENMARK
Boston—Woman's Journal	BELGIUM	Social-Demokraten
The Dawn	Ghent—Vooruit	Copenhagen—Arbejderen
Investigator	Liege—L'Avenir	SWEDEN
Boston—Liberty	Antwerp—De Werker	Stockholm, Social-Demokraten
Buffalo—Arbeiter-Zeitung	SWITZERLAND	Malmo—Arbetet
Chicago—Knights of Labor	Arbeiterstimme	WEST INDIES
Detroit—Der Arme Teufel		Cuba—El Productor

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AND ENGLISH RADICAL REFORMERS.

(Concluded from p. 10.)

HOWEVER, the Government party was too strong, and the Mitristas were miserably defeated; but not before there was one small fight, in which soldiers of the line took part on both sides and several poor fellows were killed. General Mitre was taken prisoner a few days after, and all was over. Then, to smoothe matters somewhat and to show clearly what a farce all their voting was, Doctor Alsina, who, according to the returns cooked up by the Government, was elected,

retired, and another man of the party, Avellaneda, took his place and was proclaimed President.

Since then I have witnessed many elections, and can state without the least fear of contradiction that they have all been an utter farce, the party having the control in each district, or partido, sending in any returns they chose in utter disregard of the truth. The board of scrutineers is nominated ostensibly from both competing parties, but the ballot box is delivered up to the municipality, who arrange the matter as they choose. I have seen an election, a few years ago, where not more than a dozen men voted on both sides, and the government returns published in the papers counted them by hundreds! The President of the municipality treated the matter in my presence as a good joke, and laughed heartily when telling me how that and other like things were done. He was one of those thorough fellows who saw and did not hesitate to say that the whole thing was a farce, and as a farce he treated it. He saw plainly the utter worthlessness of the *peon's* vote, who knows nothing and cares nothing about either political party, but who is compelled to vote by his patron or the master who employs him in order to save his family from want. The vote of the *peon* places great power in the hands of the large holders of land in each district, and would make them almighty if fraud and violence were not used as some check upon them.

Here you have an instance of the omnipotence of economic causes on men's conduct, and their influence even on their ideas of morality. I remember once expostulating with one of the principal men in the town of Navarro, when Moreira was in charge there, and he strenuously defended the policy or conduct of his party in employing him. He said, "The Government party employ their assassins, having let them out of the jails for the purpose, and we have a perfect right to do the same when we can." The economic conditions are, as I have said, responsible for all that I have described, namely, the slavish condition of the *peons*, and their submission to so much oppression, the existence of such men as Moreira, and in general for the complete failure of political institutions, thoroughly free in principle as they are in the Republic, to make poor men free while such conditions exist.

In the Argentine Republic, as I believe in all Spanish America, complete monopoly of the land has been maintained ever since its first settlement. The land was conceded or sold to government favourites or rich men, and in enormous tracts of ten, twenty, and a hundred leagues. Rivadavia, the most capable of the founders of the Republic, endeavoured indeed to put a stop to it, and for a few years while he was governor of Buenos Ayres, public lands were rented and not sold. But he was expelled, and the old system returned. This system of land monopoly is the cause, I maintain, of the whole social and political institutions of the people, their habits and customs, and manner of life. Being granted in such large areas to each owner, and no provision having been made, as in the United States, for the poor settler, who could thus emancipate himself from the slavery of *peonage*, the workers have been kept strictly in dependence on the owners of the land. For the same reason the industry of the country has necessarily been confined to cattle-raising. Within the last few years, since it can be done on a large scale by machinery, agriculture has received some impulse, being carried on for exportation; but this cannot last long nor go very far, the chief industry is, and will be for a long time, cattle-raising. For the same reason of land monopoly the population has been restricted, this immense country having only now about four millions of inhabitants. Then, the complete dependence of the workers on the owners of the land has been the cause, in a country so sparsely settled, of the frequent attempts at civil war which they call revolutions. Whenever the party in opposition to the Government found itself strong enough, that is to say having in its ranks enough of large landholders, it knew that it could count upon enough men to make serious opposition to the Government in the field, and if not to get all, at least to get some part of the spoils of office.

They then, as we saw in 1874, declared, as was always true, that they were defrauded of their right of suffrage, and that there was no other remedy but to appeal to arms. Every man then called on his *peons* to follow him to the field, in the same way as they followed him to the polls. Every *peon* had a horse and equipments, a cane with a knife or shears on top, and provided with a lance. There was plenty of cattle to be found everywhere, on the lands of their opponents particularly, and meat with a little *yerba*, the tea of the country, is all the native *peon* requires. As a rule they knew nothing whatever of the cause of the quarrel, but they went nothing loth, for it was a jolly time of freedom and excitement, and each man having provided himself with a good horse was determined not to be the last in retreat whatever he might be in the advance. The fighting was generally very trifling, and for the reason I have mentioned, that the *peon* very properly did not care to risk his life for his masters.

In the year 1880, the authorities of the Province of Buenos Ayres took up arms against the Federal Government, and called out the militia or national guards. They collected over fifteen thousand men together, who were surprised one morning by a detachment of regular troops, about a thousand men and two guns, and at the first shot the whole fifteen thousand cleared for home—very properly, too.

I think I have said enough to explain the existence of such men as Moreira. Naturally, the authorities in each district were the creatures of the government and the landowners, and so the unfortunate Gaucho who incurred their displeasure was dragged off to the frontier, or in a thousand other ways rendered miserable, until finally, provoked beyond all endurance, or, after returning from the frontier to find his home

broken up, and his wife, or companion (for the same vile system prevented them from marrying) living with another, then a man of spirit turned out at war with society. He levied blackmail everywhere he went, and was dependent on no man's will or pleasure. Such men were looked upon by their fellows as heroes, and not alone by their fellows, for they have found a poet (Fernandez), who in such poems as "Martin Fierro" has sung their sorrows, their trials, and their virtues; and a romance writer, Dr. Eduardo Gutierrez, not the least interesting of whose romances is the life of our acquaintance, Juan Moreira. Poor Juan! His life paid the penalty of his services to his masters, while the men who employed him continued to live as honoured and honourable citizens.

Under the circumstances I have related, the possession of the vote was really a great disadvantage, and the foreigner who could not be called upon to vote was in a most advantageous position. I have often laughed when reading comments in English and North American papers about the Irishman's love of politics, and wondered what they would think if they were told that there existed a country where no inducement could be found to bring an Irishman to the polls, and not alone that, but where he did all in his power to prevent his children born in the country from becoming possessed of the right of suffrage. The foreigner was unmolested in his home; not having a vote he incurred no hatred at election times, and for him there was no frontier nor any prosecution from the authorities whom he had voted against or failed to vote for. The consequence was that while the poor native remained poor, the foreigner could easily make an independence and even a fortune by steady industry. But this advantage, which was due to economic causes, the ignorant foreigner ascribed to some race superiority, and the rich native as a rule admitted it! Even in such newspapers as the *Nacion*, of Buenos Ayres, which belongs to and is edited by a man that should know better, I have frequently seen comparisons made between foreigners and native workers unfavourable to the latter, on the ground that they were lazy! Nothing could exceed their enthusiastic praise of the industrious Irishman, and when I mentioned the fact that in Ireland I had heard poor Irishmen continually accused of laziness by their rich masters the landlords, they would not believe I was speaking the truth.

It may perhaps be said that things have changed in the last few years, and that now there is no contingent required for the frontier, etc. My answer is that whatever change has been made such as this, has followed from economic changes which preceded it; and, that if the hold of the masters has relaxed on one side it has tightened on the other; so that I can prove if need be that the condition of the *peon* is in many respects much worse to-day than it was when the vile frontier service was at hand as a ready instrument of oppression. Than of the Argentine Republic, there never was a country of which it can be more truly said, "Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law," in spite of all its Free Constitution, Universal Suffrage, Home Rule, Free Land, Free Education, and all the rest which the English Radical is trying to humbug the people into accepting as panaceas for all the social ills. In more primitive countries, like the Argentine Republic, the truth is more easily seen that economic causes really determine all the social and political life of a people.

JOHN CREAGHE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

May I correct a statement which appears in the *Commonweal* of Jan. 11, to the effect that "William Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist, has declared himself on the side of the Single-tax and Socialism"? This evidently refers to the son of the late William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist (who died in 1879), William Lloyd Garrison, jun., who is a strong supporter of the "Single-tax" scheme, but is nevertheless an Individualist and not a Socialist.—Yours truly,

CHRISTINA D. HILLS.

The Knoll, Ambleside, Jan. 13, 1890.

TAKE HEED.

TAKE heed of your Civilisation, ye, on your pyramids built of quivering hearts; There are stages like Paris in '93 where the commonest men play terrible parts. Your statutes may crush, but they cannot kill the patient sense of a natural right;

It may slowly move, but the people's will, like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight.

"'Tis not our fault!" say the rich ones. No; 'tis the fault of a system old and strong;

But men are the makers of systems: so, the cure will come, if we own the wrong.

In Boston *Nationalist*.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations.—James A. Garfield.

I am fond enough of kings as soon as they have a canopy of stone over them.—Horace Walpole.

There is no well constituted commonwealth but that in which such a general distribution of property prevails as to leave no room for discontents.—Aristotle.

A patriot cannot serve his country better than to do his best to purge it of error, and to make its influence an unmixed benefit to mankind.—Moncure D. Conway.

INTERNATIONALISM.—It is the first and indispensable condition of human progress that a people shall be married to a single land; that they shall wander no more from one region to another, but remain fixed and faithful to their soil. Then if the earth wife be fruitful, she will bear them children by hundreds and thousands; and then calamity will come and teach them by torture to invent.—'Martyrdom of Man,' p. 5.

IN PARIS.

THE Parisian Municipal Council is, without doubt, the most advanced corporation in Europe. I have always had a high opinion of these city fathers, who vote thousands of francs for slaves on strike, give a *Bourse du Travail* to the people, etc., etc. It is certain that many people consider it a revolutionary body, and I have heard many Socialists here express that opinion. This was a puzzle to me. I knew that most of the eighty councillors were of the cursed capitalist class, and therefore must naturally oppose such resolutions. This point exercised me so much that I made up my mind to settle it by seeing them at—rest: I was going to say "at work"!

On the 27th of December, 1889, at 2 o'clock sharp, I was in my place, just above the tribune, where I could have a splendid sight of the House at large. At half-past two about half-a-dozen councillors enter the House, and a few minutes afterwards two or three more stroll in; when the *huissier* announces "Le President du Conseil!" in a stentorian voice, and with as much bombast as if it were Don Pedro of Brazil.

The sitting opens with nine lazy fellows present, no quorum being necessary, it seems: of these nine, two are so-called workmen. They have assembled to consider and vote upon the Budget for 1890.

The President, M. Rousselle, rings the bell, and the *rapporteur* mounts on the tribune and begins to read his articles, resolutions, and amendments, whilst the city fathers, who now number twelve, are chaffing with one another, reading or writing private letters. Then the President shouts, "Pas d'oppositions? accepté!" "Pas de réclamations, messieurs? accepté!"

A greater farce I never saw in my life!

By this time, 4 o'clock, twenty councillors were there: twenty out of eighty to vote on so important a matter as the Budget for the coming year! All seemed pleased to see it roll by so easily. Who will pay?—that's the least of their concern. They have each of them 6,000 francs a-year, whether they attend or not, and that's the only thing they care about. Although I do not believe very much in councillor Vaillant's workmanship, to do him justice I must say that he mounted the tribune to propose the absolute abolition of *octrois* in Paris,—a red herring, if you understand that better.

I see Joffrin coming; this makes twenty-one. Joffrin is one of the eleven Socialists or working-men in the House. Last week's *Commonweal* will tell you what kind of a card that is, if you don't know him already. He was once an engineer like John Burns, but has worn kid gloves and swagger cuffs for these twenty years past. Better for us if he wore handcuffs!

After the Budget they voted four million francs to buy the big buildings which were erected for the late exhibition. No opposition. Then thirty thousand francs for the poor children's new year. Here the *Prefet de la Seine* begs leave to read a letter. Everyone looks at the scoundrel, who, with a hypocritical smile, reads out that the arch-robber Rothschild gives a hundred thousand francs to the poor of Paris. Here I was sure that I should see one of our so-called Socialists jump to his feet, and propose an amendment to the effect, that they were willing to accept it as a restitution of a small part of the money which he had already robbed from the poor; but no! all were asleep; and when the President called out, "Pas d'opposition? accepté," they even seemed to snore!

This was a good occasion for our "workmen representatives" to give that pre-eminent rascal a slap in the face, and let the capitalists who were present accept charity from their chief banker if they liked; the poor would not have lost a farthing by it. But what can you expect from men who get 6,000 francs a-year, and have some of them been re-elected again and again these twenty years? They look as much like a working-man as I look like a pope; they are spoiled by contact and association with the vermin among whom they mix, and whom they gradually come to resemble.

I was under the impression that a Socialist would treat a capitalist inside the House with the same contempt as he did on a public platform. I was mistaken; for I have seen councillors Lavy and Joffrin shake hands cordially with the *Prefet de la Seine* as they were passing by. These two fellows belong to the Possibilist party. The sight was too much for me; it put me into such a state that I had to leave the place abruptly, never to return there any more.

To resume, let me say that it may happen that one of our friends proposes a good resolution. He will do this at the beginning of the sitting, when very few capitalists are present; and the fact that such a resolution has passed does not at all imply that the Municipal Council of Paris are *revolutionnaires*, but only means that they are a damned rotten, lazy gang of good-for-nothings.

Public meetings are being held every week in different parts of Paris, in view of a general strike on the 1st of May next. Things have arrived at such a pitch that every sufferer thinks something must be done without delay. Never was society so clearly divided into two camps. Never have the non-producers more contemptuously flung their charity, as they call it, to the honest toiler, as if they threw a bone to a hungry dog. Nor has ever the toiler, that produces all, felt more hatred for those drones that live at his expense.

The speakers think a general strike would be salvation (material, be it understood). No blood need be shed, or little; only to keep our arms folded for three or four days; no necessity to build barricades; the army will be struck powerless, for the army could not march against people staying at home. The tremendous outburst of the starving men who voted for the resolution, without opposition, made me think it would be very hard to keep those dashing revolutionary arms folded during four days: it would be easier to take them to the "Elysée" *au son de la Carmagnole*.

Well-paid deputies and councillors do not look on this movement with favour. So much the worse for them; so much the better for us. It will show us once more that the vote is a scabbard, the sword of which is in the hands of the elected.

A. COULON.

Paris, 12th January.

THE PRINTING TRADE IN AMERICA.—An American exchange says: "Multitudes of English compositors and pressmen are still coming over, although work is dull, and they have hardly enough to pay for a day's expenses after reaching here. Many English societies of printers, or, as we should call them here, unions, have emigration funds. When work is slack in England the printer can get enough for a voyage to America, and the society washes its hands of him. English typographical journals will do well to note that, except for very superior workmen, the United States now presents no inviting field. Owing to the ease with which a boy can become a sort of a journeyman, not averaging much more than three years, the trade is crowded." We trust due notice will be taken of the fact here spoken of by any of our readers contemplating a trip to the States in search of work.—*Printing Times and Lithographer*.

THE LABOUR STRUGGLE.

The Gas-stokers' Strike.

On Tuesday, Jan. 7th, the police had another opportunity of showing their hostility to the strikers. They were employed in evicting the strike committee, a job which they naturally took to very kindly. It appears the committee at the beginning of the strike had bought out the tenant of the premises which they occupied, and which faces the gas company's chief works in the Old Kent Road. Mr. Livesey didn't like to see the enemy at his gates, and there can be very little doubt that he did his utmost to get the committee turned out. This the landlord of the premises was only too willing to do; so on the pretext that the old tenant had no power to sublet, the police were sent down to evict the committee. But the committee had got wind of what was coming, and when a body of thirty police arrived they found the place strongly barricaded. It was only by dragging down the shop shutters and breaking the windows that the guardians of law-'n'-order were able to obtain admittance. The committee then abandoned the premises before the overwhelming force brought against them, and their property, consisting of furniture, books, papers, and musical instruments, was thrown into the street. The police acted in the most autocratic fashion, and refused to show any warrant for their extraordinary proceedings. We are becoming used to this sort of thing, and at the rate we are progressing we shall look upon police despotism as a regular institution. The committee after its eviction, found shelter in a neighbouring coffee house.

The following notice was afterwards displayed in the window: "The Battering Ram Brigade in London. Eviction of the Gas Worker's Strike Committee by the police. In consequence of the above, the Central Strike Committee Rooms is removed to 67, Old Kent Road; January 7, 1890."

Mr. Livesey has at last had to admit that matters are not going so well with him as he would like the public to believe. He informed a reporter last week that since the withdrawal of the gratuity a good number of the "new hands" had left the works. It is not surprising under these circumstances to hear that complaints as to the supply of gas continue to be made, and several vestries are threatening to summon Mr. Livesey. The men, on their side, will fight to the bitter end, and if necessary are determined to have a general strike throughout the whole of the coal industry in London. On Saturday Jan. 11th a large meeting of delegates from London trade unions was held at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-end Road, at which resolutions were carried urging the trade unions to support the gas-stokers in their struggle for liberty and independence, and also calling upon the labour members in the House of Commons to move an amendment to the Address drawing attention to the treatment the gas-stokers have received from the police authorities. The demonstrations held on Sunday were very enthusiastic, and it was evident that the meeting of trade-union delegates on Saturday night had filled the men with courage to continue the struggle. They have already received £100 from the Engineers, and there can be no doubt that other unions will soon follow the example of the first trade-union in England.

Strike of Tea-warehousemen.

The men at Cutler Street Tea Warehouses came out on strike on Thursday Jan. 9. It appears that a blackleg had refused to pay 10s. 6d. entrance-fee imposed by the union upon those who had been at work during the strike. As this man was still kept on by the company, the men refused to work with him. On Friday there was a conference between representatives of Ship Owners and Brokers' Association and the Dock Labourers' Union, and it was agreed that the blackleg was to pay up his union subscriptions, amounting in all to 12s. 6d., and the Labourers' Union should consider his claim to a rebate of 2s. 6d., which he alleged he had been overcharged. The men returned to work on Saturday.

The Lock-out at Bristol.

The lock-out at Bristol in the boot and shoe trade is now ended. It was decided on Saturday January 11 by a joint committee of manufacturers and workmen, with Mr. Mansfield of Leicester as referee, that the classification was now so far advanced on satisfactory terms that manufacturers would employ their clickers, machinists, and rough stuff cutters on Monday, and the rest of the workpeople, with the rounders and finishers, were to resume work in the early part of the week.

Miners' Conference at Birmingham.

The miners will hold a conference at Birmingham on Wednesday Jan. 22. Prominent among the claims on the programme is that of an Eight Hours Bill. This means that the miners have been forced to give up the notion of gaining an eight hours labour day by means of a general strike. They have been forced into this by the action of the South Wales men, who have always lagged behind, and who on this occasion have refused to take part in the national movement. We fear, however, that the Bill will be defeated, for, as the miners' organ, the *Labour Tribune*, points out, "with the present heavy demand for coal, anything in the shape of legislative restriction of output will be bitterly opposed in the House." But still, as the same paper remarks, the legislative failure will probably teach the men a useful lesson, so that they will close their ranks in future, and there will be a better chance of obtaining eight hours by national combination. Men often learn the way to victory by past mistakes, and it may be so in the present instance.

The North-Eastern Railway Men.

It seems not improbable that there will soon be serious trouble upon this line. The railwaymen there are well organised and have plenty of backbone. On Sunday Jan. 5th a deputation waited upon the directors from the men to demand the ten hours working day. They were not met at once with a direct refusal, but with a number of petty objections. For instance, one of the directors, Mr. Dale, cited the instance of a roadside-station porter, who was on duty fifteen hours a-day, during which time there might be several intervals of rest, when the man was not actively engaged, and surely the men would not undertake to bring forward such a case as that on the basis of ten hours a-day. The deputation, however, stuck to their demands. They did not see how a man could enjoy his "leisure" very much while cooped up within the narrow limits of a country railway station for fifteen hours, even if he was not hard at work all the time. Most people would consider that kind of monotonous imprisonment as rather worse than steady

work. One of the most active of the directors in opposing the demands of the men was Sir J. W. Pease, a Liberal M.P. who owes his seat largely to the votes of working-men. But as Mr. Foreman, one of the deputation, stated, Sir Joseph the director is a somewhat different person to Sir Joseph the candidate for parliamentary honours. The candidate was all smiles and affability, but the director is all frowns and severity when his men demand a reduction of their hours. The directors have now refused to comply with the men's demands. The discontent of the men is great, and many of them are thinking seriously of striking. It will probably not be long before some decisive action is taken. N.

"WHEN MEN PRAISE YE!"

It is the fashion just now, and has been for some time, says the *Journal of United Labour*, for the capitalistic press to say that labour organisations are all right if only they will content themselves with mild requests for higher wages, shorter hours, and slightly improved conditions, and provided that they carefully word these requests so as not to make them offensive to capital. It also being understood that in case their requests be refused, that is to end the matter. The press does not exactly phrase it thus, but this is the meaning of it all.

Suppose, now, that the workers should organise in this way, and suppose that the employers, moved by their neatly and mildly phrased petitions for better pay, etc., should generously grant their prayers—which is supposing a good deal—how much better off would the workers be in a year or so? While coal rings, railway pools, and the whole swarm of trusts and monopolies exist, how are such ineffectual and impotent labour organisations to keep them from getting all but the bare living which they now allow the producers of the wealth they exploit?

No doubt the journalistic Hessians of the devouring class are best serving the interest of those who pay their mercenary pens, by endeavouring to keep the workers from realising that the true cause of their poverty lies beyond and is independent of the relations which exist between employers and employed. Beyond all doubt the spoilers would be pleased to have the wealth-producers spend all their energies in fighting their employers about wages and hours of labour, and give no thought to the existence of the legalised system of plunder by which employed labour and employed capital is robbed for their benefit. In fights of that kind their interest can hardly rise above a listless curiosity—something resembling that taken by the bee-keeper in the annual struggle between the drones and the workers. But the workers are beginning to understand the true inwardness of things. They are coming to understand that if they would secure any permanent betterment of their condition they must organise themselves for the defeat and overthrow of those in whose interests the unjust laws are passed and for whose benefit the iniquitous systems exist.

The review of the 'Fabian Essays in Socialism' is held over till next week through the pressure on our space, caused by having two continued articles in one number. The book is one to be read, anyhow, in spite of its defects. It may be obtained from 'Weal' office, post free, at published price, 6s.; usual terms to branches.

"Rebels in Cork are patriots in Madrid," wrote Moore, but now the same men who in England recognise the right of Irish tenants to combine to wrest from the landlords a fairer share of the results of their labour would fain deny the right of the English working-man to combine to force from their employers a fairer share of the products of their labour. Be he Home Ruler, Unionist, or Tory, the English manufacturer believes in the divine right of capital to despoil labour. But, without a very powerful glass, the same kind of employers can be discovered here in America. Their hearts bleed for the wrongs of the Irish tenant, but they have no bowels of compassion for the worse-off American miner. They

"Du believe in Freedom's cause
Ez fur away as Paris is";

but that cause, sacred abroad, is vile sedition and causeless discontent at home. Long-sightedness is a disease which the oppressors of men have always had in all countries.—*Journal of United Labour*.

To Help the Paper.—There are several ways in which you can help to spread the 'Weal'. Ask your newsagent to try and sell it. Get those who don't care to buy it week by week to subscribe direct. Arrange for the posting of contents bills anywhere you can. Any number of other plans will suggest themselves if you think about it.

Postal Propaganda.—Some who would like to do propaganda but dare not openly, or who cannot spare the time to do it personally, can find many ways in which it can be done quietly. Not the least useful among possible plans would be to order and pay for a number of copies to be sent to persons in whose hands they might do good. We will send six copies to six different addresses for 7d. Write the names and addresses legibly.

DO YOU AGREE?

Do you agree with us that the social awakening of the workers is a desirable end? Do you agree with us that we are working in the right way to achieve that end?

You do not? Then oppose us and prove us wrong on every platform and in every paper to which you can gain access!

You do agree? Then work with us and for us; help us to extend our circle of influence; let no day pass in which you have not interested some one in our propaganda!

There is no middle course for an honest man!

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

OFFICES: 24, GREAT QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

The Offices of the Socialist League will be open for the sale of *Commonweal* and all other Socialist publications from 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day except Sunday. The Secretary will be in attendance from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily.

Executive.—At the Council meeting on Jan. 13th, it was resolved to start a Premises Fund, and to place all monies in the hands of a trustee. The League desires all friends to help them to secure at the expiration of the present tenancy suitable premises on lease for a long term.

Central Reading Room.—The Hall at 24, Great Queen Street, will be open to all Members of the League every evening from 7.30 to 10 p.m. Daily papers, games, and refreshments. Members must show their cards to the steward. Lectures and dramatic readings every Sunday evening at 8 p.m. For particulars of the new *Commonweal* Branch, now forming, address F. Kitz, 24, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Branch Subscriptions Paid.—1888:—Oxford, to end of September.

1889:—Bradford and Hammersmith, to end of April. Norwich, Glasgow, and Yarmouth, to end of May. Manchester, to end of September. Clerkenwell and East London, to end of October. North London, and Mitcham, to end of November. St. Georges East, and Leicester, to end of December. 1890:—North Kensington, to end of January.

For Reprinting "Monopoly."—W. Baxter, 2s. 6d.

Propaganda Fund.—E. Warlow, 5s.; North Kensington Branch, 2s. 10d.

Notice.—All letters on League business, except those intended for Editors of *Commonweal*, to be addressed to me. No other person is authorised to sign any official communication. FRANK KITZ, Secretary.

NEW PREMISES FUND.

Collected at Council meeting, Jan. 13th, 6s.

"COMMONWEAL" GUARANTEE FUND.

The following further sums have been received towards this fund:—Webb, 1s.; H. R., 1s.; J. B. G., 1s.; J. Thomson, 6d.; E. Warlow, 5s.; Mrs. Schack, 5s.; F. Kitz, 6d.; D. Nicoll, 6d.; B. W., 6d.; and A. J. Smith, 1s.

REPORTS.

NORTH KENSINGTON.—Sunday evening, Jan. 12, comrade Frye delivered an interesting address on "A Sketch of Underground Russia;" the subject-matter being taken from Stepniak's "Underground Russia." Good discussion followed. Collected 1s. 4d.

NORTH LONDON.—Good meeting at Hyde Park, addressed by Cantwell, Mowbray, and Hall. Good sale of *Commonweal*, and 2s. 9½d. collected.

ABERDEEN.—At weekly meeting on 6th, Leatham lectured on "The New Sociology."—L.

GLASGOW.—On Tuesday night Joe Burgoyne and Gilbert spoke on Cathedral Square; towards the conclusion of the meeting our comrades were subjected to a good deal of interruption and annoyance by a number of thoughtless youths. On Wednesday evening Glasier gave a lecture on "Socialism and the Reward of Genius" to the Maxwell Parish Church Literary Society. On Sunday afternoon Glasier lectured on "Socialism" to the Partick Branch of the Irish National League; the lecture was very favourably received. At 5.30 Joe Burgoyne and Gilbert spoke to a good audience at Paisley Road Toll. At 8.30 Glasier lectured to the Henry George Institute on "Socialism and the Single Tax"; our comrade's severe criticism of Henry George's theory was keenly combatted by several of the members, but it appeared to win the approval of quite the majority of the audience.

LEEDS.—On Sunday morning a good meeting was held in Vicar's Croft; Rogers spoke. At night, at the Socialist League Club, T. Maguire lectured on "John Morley" to an attentive audience; discussion followed. *Commonweal* sold out, also half a quire of *Freedom*, and other literature.

MANCHESTER.—Three lectures on "The Beginnings of Modern Socialism" were given by an Oxford Extension lecturer at Islington Hall, at which a number of our members attended and took the opportunity which the after discussion afforded to explain the principles of revolutionary Socialism and upset the lecturer's economic fallacies and criticisms of Socialism. On Sunday in Stevenson Square good meeting addressed by Barton, Bailie, Stockton, and Parkinson. Two quires of *Commonweal* sold.

YARMOUTH.—On Sunday comrades Ruffold and Headley distributed a large bundle of back numbers of *Commonweal* and leaflets in the morning, and held a meeting on Colman's Granary Quay in the evening; there was a large audience, and fair sale of *Commonweal*.—J. H.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Jan. 11th, R. F. Wilson delivered an address on "Capitalism"; very good discussion, Regan, Hamilton, Fitzpatrick, and Kavanagh taking part.

EDINBURGH (SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION).—Comrade Hamilton lectured on "The Spirit of the Age" to a large audience on Sunday night in the Moulders' Hall; good discussion. Our Annual Soiree, Concert, and Dance is to be held on January 24th, and we hope members will endeavour to push the sale of tickets and make the affair a success.

PLEASE TAKE NOTE!

How is it that the *Commonweal* does not publish more news from the Branches? Because the editor is not omniscient, and the local secretaries forget that he depends upon them for news. Hint: Let us know what you're doing.

How is it that not all that is sent is inserted? Because branch secretaries forget that the editor has less than a thousand hands, and often mix things so that it would mean entirely re-writing their letters before they could be of use. Hint: Keep reports separate from announcements, and news from both. Write briefly, plainly, and on one side of the paper.

EDINBURGH—SCOTTISH SOCIALIST FEDERATION.—In Moulders' Hall, High St., lectures on Sundays January 19 and 26, at 6.30, "The Politics of Burns."

WEST KENSINGTON PARK RADICAL CLUB, 80 Faroe Road, West Kensington.—Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m., F. C. Barker, "Practicable Socialism for London."

NOTTINGHAM SOCIALIST CLUB, Woodland Place, Parliament Street.—Sunday January 19, T. Barclay (of Leicester), at 11 a.m., "Co-operation and Socialism"; at 7 p.m., "Fallacious Remedies for Poverty."

CHELSEA S.D.F., Co-operative Lecture Hall, 312 Kings Road, Chelsea.—Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m., J. Hunter Watts, "Bismarckian Socialism." Tuesday 21, Annie Besant, "Is Socialism a Dream."

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE, "Three Doves," Berwick St., Oxford St., W.—Sunday January 19, at 8.30 p.m., T. E. Benson (London Unitarian Mission), "Some Experiences with the Chartist and Ernest Jones."

LECTURE DIARY.

LONDON.

Battersea.—All communications to E. Buteux, 20 Abercrombie Street, Battersea Park Road.

Clerkenwell.—All members are requested to attend an important business meeting at 24 Great Queen Street, on Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m., to decide upon amalgamation with West Central Branch.

East London.—Crown Coffee Tavern, 2 Columbia Road, Hackney Road.

Hammersmith.—Kelmescott House, Upper Mall, W. Sunday Jan. 19, at 8 p.m., A. Beasley, "The Wastefulness of Competition." Wednesday 22nd, Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, A Lecture. French Class, Friday at 8.

Merton.—3 Clare Villas, Merton Road.

Mitcham.—"Lord Napier," Fair Green. Meets every Sunday at 12.30, to enroll members, etc.

North Kensington.—Clarendon Coffee Palace, Clarendon Road. Meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. On Sunday evening, Jan. 19, a lecture.

North London.—6 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Wm. Morris lectures Wednesday Jan. 22, on "How Shall we Live Then?"

Southwark.—Secretary, George Evans, 56 Lucy Road, Bermondsey, S.E. Hill's Coffee Tavern, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Streatham.—Meets every Thursday at the "Leigham Arms," Wellfield Road, at 8.30 p.m.

West Central.—Socialist League Hall, 24 Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C. On Sunday evening at 8, a general meeting of members of the Clerkenwell Branch and other members, to take steps towards forming the new *Commonweal* Branch.

Whitechapel and St. Georges in the East.—Branch meetings at International Club, 40 Berner Street, Commercial Road. J. Turner, organising secretary.

PROVINCES.

Aberdeen.—Organiser, J. Leatham, 7 Jamaica Street. Branch meets in Odd-fellows' Small Hall, Crooked Lane, on Monday evenings at 8. Singing practice at 46 Marischal Street on Thursdays at 8 p.m.

Bradford.—Laycock's Temperance Hotel, Albion Court, Kirkgate. Meets every Tuesday at 7.30.

Dundee.—Address to W. Cameron, 17 Laurence Street, Dundee.

Glasgow.—Ram's Horn Hall, 122 Ingram Street. Branch meets on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 7 o'clock.

Halifax.—Socialists meet every Sunday at 6.30 p.m. at Helliwell's Temperance Hotel, Northgate.

Leeds.—Clarendon Buildings, Victoria Road, School Close. Open every evening. Business meeting Saturdays at 8 p.m. Sunday January 19, at 7.30, lecture, H. Samuels, "Socialism, Old and New."

Leicester.—Exchange Buildings, Rutland Street. Branch meets on Monday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Branch meets temporarily at the Secretary's, 52 Miller Street, on Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

Norwich.—Sunday, at 8, Gordon Hall. Tuesday, at 8.30, Members' meeting. Thursday, at 8, Discussion Class. Saturday, Social Meeting. Hall open every evening from 8 p.m.

Oxford.—Temperance Hall, 25½ Pembroke Street. First Friday in every month, at 8.30 p.m.

Walsall.—Socialist Club, 18 Goodall Street, Walsall. Meetings every night.

Yarmouth.—Branch meets at comrade Headley's, near Co-operative Stores, every Tuesday evening. Elocution Class Friday at 8 p.m. On Sunday afternoons during winter a Discussion Class will be held at 3 o'clock.

All persons who sympathise with the views of the Socialist League are earnestly invited to communicate with the above addresses, and if possible to help us in preparing for the birth of a true society, based on equality, brotherhood, and freedom for all.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

SATURDAY 18.

8.30..... Mile-end WasteCores and Presburg

SUNDAY 19.

11 Latimer Road StationDean and Crouch
11.30..... Kilburn—"Old Plough," Kilburn LaneMainwaring
11.30..... Commercial Road—Union StreetCores
11.30..... Mitcham—Fair GreenThe Branch
11.30..... Regent's ParkCantwell and Nicoll
11.30..... Southwark—Flat Iron SquareThe Branch
3.30..... Hyde Park—Marble ArchCantwell and Nicoll
3.30..... Victoria Park.....The Branch
7 Weltje Road, Ravenscourt ParkHammersmith Branch
7.30..... Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

TUESDAY 21.

8 Walham Green—back of ChurchHammersmith Branch

THURSDAY 23.

8.15..... Hoxton ChurchThe Branch

PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Sunday: Jail Square at 2 o'clock; Paisley Road at 5 o'clock. Tuesday: Cathedral Square, at 8 p.m.

Leeds.—Sunday: Hunslet Moor, at 11 a.m.; Vicar's Croft, at 7 p.m.

Manchester.—Sunday: Philips Park Gates, at 11; Stevenson Square, at 3.

Norwich.—Sunday: St. Faiths, at 11; Market Place, at 3.

Sheffield.—Sunday: Monolith, Fargate, at 11 a.m.; Gower Street, at 3 p.m.; Pump, Westbar, 8 p.m.

Yarmouth.—Sunday: Priory Plain, at 11; Colman's Granary Quay, at 7.

LIVERPOOL SOCIALIST SOCIETY, 1 Stanley Street, Dale Street.—Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

LAMBETH PROGRESSIVE CLUB.—H. M. Hyndman will lecture on Sunday January 19, at 8 p.m.

DUBLIN.—At Progressist Club, 87 Marlboro' Street, Saturday Jan. 18, at 8, A. Kavanagh, "Practical Legislation."

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TWENTIETH CENTURY.

HUGH O. PENTECOST, EDITOR.
T. L. M'CREADY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Each number contains the Address of the preceding Sunday, delivered by the Editor in Newark, Brooklyn, and New York.

Motto: "Hear the other side."

THIS Journal advocates Personal Sovereignty in place of State Sovereignty, Voluntary Co-operation as opposed to Compulsory Co-operation, the Liberation of the human mind from Superstition, and the application of the principles of Ethics toward Social Regeneration.

But it is meant also to be a broad-minded, unsectarian meeting-place for the representatives of all schools of Religious and Economic thought. Orthodox and Liberal Christians, Spiritualists, Hebrews, Agnostics, Liberals, Infidels, Atheists, Freethinkers, and Secularists of every shade of opinion; Protectionists, Free-traders, Single-taxers, Nationalists, Socialists, and Anarchists, advocates of peaceful measures of social regeneration and revolutionists,—will all be welcomed to its columns with equal cordiality, fairness, and respect. As an indication of the broad scope of the paper, here are the names of

Some Contributors.

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Bax (Ernest Belfort)—The Religion of Socialism; being Essays in Modern Socialist Criticism. Crown 8vo, 177 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.

— The Ethics of Socialism; being further Essays in Modern Socialist Criticism. Crown 8vo, 210 pp., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Bebel (August)—Woman in the Past, Present, and Future. Translated from the German by Dr. Adams Walther. 5s.

Carlyle (Thomas)—Sartor Resartus. With Portrait of Thomas Carlyle.

— French Revolution. A History. 3 vols.

— Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. 5 vols. With Portrait of Oliver Cromwell.

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— Social Progress and Individual Effort. 1d.

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— The Thirty Year's War, 1618-1648. 2s. 6d.

Gronlund (Laurence)—The Co-operative Commonwealth: an Exposition of Modern Socialism. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 2s.

Ideal Commonwealths: Plutarch's Lycurgus, More's Utopia, Bacon's New Atlantis, Campanella's City of the Sun, and a fragment of Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*. 284 pp., cloth, 1s.

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— A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive. 5s.

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Rogers (Prof. J. R. Thorold)—Six Centuries of Work and Wages: the History of English Labour. 8vo, cloth, 15s.

Schäffle (Dr.)—Quintessence of Socialism. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Thackeray (Rev. S. W.), LL.D.—The Land and the Community. In Three Books. With Preface by Henry George. 3s. 6d.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

THE Socialist League advocates International Revolutionary Socialism. That is to say the destruction of the present class society, which consists of one class who live by owning property and therefore *need not work*, and of another that has no property and therefore *must work* in order that they may live to keep the idlers by their labour. Revolutionary Socialism insists that this system of society, which is the modern form of slavery, should be changed to a system of Society which would give every man an opportunity of doing useful work, and not allow any man to live without so doing, which work could not be useful unless it were done for the whole body of workers instead of for do-nothing individuals. The result of this would be that livelihood would not be precarious nor labour burdensome. Labour would be employed in co-operation, and the struggle of man with man for bare subsistence would be supplanted by harmonious combination for the production of common wealth and the exchange of mutual services without the waste of labour or material.

Every man's needs would be satisfied from this common stock, but no man would be allowed to own anything which he could not *use*, and which consequently he must *abuse* by employing it as an instrument for forcing others to labour for him unpaid. Thus the land, the capital, machinery, and means of transit would cease to be private property, since they can only be *used* by the combination of labour to produce wealth.

Thus men would be *free* because they would no longer be dependent on idle property-owners for subsistence; thus they would be *brothers*, for the cause of strife, the struggle for subsistence at other people's expense, would have come to an end. Thus they would be *equal*, for if all men were doing useful work no man's labour could be dispensed with. Thus the motto of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, which is but an empty boast in a society that upholds the monopoly of the means of production, would at last be realised.

This Revolutionary Socialism must be International. The change which would put an end to the struggle between man and man, would destroy it also between nation and nation. One harmonious system of federation throughout the whole of civilisation would take the place of the old destructive rivalries. There would be no great centres breeding race hatred and commercial jealousy, but people would manage their own affairs in communities not too large to prevent all citizens from taking a part in the administration necessary for the conduct of life, so that party politics would come to an end.

Thus, while we abide by the old motto:

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,
we say that the existence of private property destroys Equality, and therefore under it there can be neither Liberty nor Fraternity.

We add to the first motto then this other one—

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS
CAPACITY, TO EACH ACCORDING
TO HIS NEEDS.**

When this is realised there will be a genuine Society; until it is realised, Society is nothing but a band of robbers. We must add that this change can only be brought about by combination amongst the workers themselves, and must embrace the whole of Society. The new life cannot be *given* to the workers by a class higher than they, but must be *taken* by them by means of the abolition of classes and the reorganisation of Society.

COUNCIL OF THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find a red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed immediately if they wish to continue to receive *Commonweal*.

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